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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TWO TAVERNS

I remember how I lay
On a bank a summer day,
Peering into weed and flower:
Watched a poppy all one hour;
Watched till the air grew chill
In the darkness of the hill;
Till I saw a wild bee dart
Out of the cold to the poppy's heart;
Saw the pedals gently spin,
And shut the little lodger in.

Then I took the quiet road
To my own secure abode.
All night long his tavern hung;
Now it rested, now it swung;
I asleep in steadfast tower,
He asleep in stirring flower;
In our hearts the same delight
In the hushes of the night;
Over us the same dear care
As we slumbered unaware.

EDWIN MARKHAM

In *"The Man With the Hoe"*
Doubleday, McClure Co.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13. NUMBER 24

THE BOULDER.

O'er the gray boulder, seamed and scarred by time,
My searching thought its questioning thread would wind,
The secret of these crevices to find,
Lettered in creeping lichen's crusting rime.
And while I trace each deep mysterious line
Of subtle force that shaped the cleavage grand
And fitted block to block with master-hand
I read the hieroglphs of thought divine:
Record of aeons by God's finger graved·
Of fire and glacier, crystallizing laws,
Atoms obedient to a central cause
All patient power for endless purpose saved;—
I, but one grain of dust upon earth's sphere,
Make altar of the rock and worship here.

—*Louise Parson Hopkins, in "American Sonnets."*

"I will stay and make ready and maybe my chance will come," is an interesting motto attributed to Lincoln and appropriated by a class of colored students whose faces shine with potency and hopefulness as pictured in a page in *The Crisis.*

A correspondent in *The Inquirer* (London) protests against the common impression that Mrs. Eddy is somehow the god-mother of the "New Thought Movement." He says:

> Mrs. Eddy has never had anything whatever to do with the New Thought Movement or its foundation, which is the antithesis of the Christian Science system.

The Christian Life (London) finds an apt quotation from one of Voltaire's comedies to the over-prudent reticence of certain Anglical broad churchmen. The Greek judge in the play is made to say: "A pity we had to condemn Socrates, for he was quite right but he had no business to be right *so publicly.*" There may be an American application to this joke.

A member of the English House of Commons said recently: "You can sometimes reclaim a drunkard, but when a working man starts gambling everything of his is sure to go." Why need put in the adjective "working"? Gambling is soul destroying whenever indulged in whether it be by the boys in the alley or the men on the Board of Trade, or the plunging politicians.

A grateful farmer writes the Senior and venerable Editor of *Hoards Dairyman,* his word of thanks for advising him to send his boy to the Agricultural College. On his return from the graduating exercises, he writes:

> I am keeping pretty quiet to see what ——— thinks of farming at four o'clock in the morning, but he seems to be starting out all right. The other day he took the gasoline engine apart that the hired man and I hadn't been able to run for six months, and in a little while he had her barking good as ever. He says he took a course in gasoline engines last year. If you think this letter will help any other farmers who have boys you can print it, but don't print my name because I don't want him to know it is his dad; but I am much obliged to you for telling me to send the lad to college to learn farming.

Boston seems to have a good deal of trouble about its milk supplies. Recently an imposing gathering of representatives of the New England Agricultural Colleges, granges, dairy associations, etc., etc., gathered in the Boston Chambers of Commerce to discuss the situation. Most of this trouble arises, we suspect, out of the superior intelligence of Boston and vicinity. A city that has no trouble about its milk is probably satisfied in alarming ignorance; a city that is willing to take any kind of milk offered and pay any price for the same fixed by a competitive market probably has no "milk problem;" there is no "milk trouble," but the lengthening line of little graves in the city cemetery indicates the price of the peace.

There are today three colored members of the French Chamber of Deputies and the *Crisis* for August prints their portraits. Two of them are deputies from the Island of Guadaloupe. One of them is a professor of science in that territory. The same paper gives the portrait of Charlotte Searles, who, when sixteen years of age, lost both her right hand and foot in an accident. That was fifty-three years ago, but she has become a successful needle woman, earning a good living by fine dressmaking, hem-stitching and machine work. Power and efficiency somehow seem to have a disappointing disregard to color to those who have such a dread of social equality between black and white.

A friend calls attention to the poetic significance of the astronomic force of the observatory of the Chicago University at Williams Bay, Wisconsin. Their very names sound like a weather bureau report. There is something severely scientific in the whims of Dame Fortune that names these prophets of the air:

HALE,
FROST,
SNOW,
BURNHAM,
FURNACE,

and how fittingly is the meteoric suggestion carried

out in the appointment of Mr. Gale to take charge of the *Astro-Physical Journal.* Williams Bay must be a pleasant place to spend the month of August, but, Oh, the thought of January is forbidding.

A graduate from Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee, class of 1909, writes to the Principal from Porto Rico: "I am teaching Domestic Science in the public schools here. The legislature did not make provision for special teachers but the Board of Education created another English graded school and asked the Commissioner to offer me the position with the understanding that I should teach Domestic Science. I am safe in saying that the people generally appreciate my efforts. I have been assisting my brother through school and he will receive this year his B. S. from the College of Agriculture of Porto Rico. I am planning to return to Tuskegee soon with a sister whom I shall have enrolled there as a student." "How far that little candle throws its beam." Let the good work go on.

"The Second Class Mail Bag," published monthly in Chicago, is responsible for the statement that the maximum expenditure of the government when the Civil War was at its height amounted to one million dollars a day. Counting the working days only, the Post Office Department alone now amounts up to the same figure, but even this enormous bill turns a surplus to the good, "say nothing of the tremendous conveniences offered ninety-five million people." In 1830 there were 8,610 postoffices in the United States, now there are 62,000 postoffices, 44,000 rural routes, 218,000 miles of railway mail service; 7,500 employes are engaged in the Chicago postoffice; 5,586 of these were native-born, according to records in 1913, 282 from the auld sod, 257 from the fatherland, 90 from Sweden and 85 from England. In all, some thirty nationalities are represented in its pay roll. Surely a cosmopolitan institution like the Chicago office should have a polyglot management.

The Christian Life of London publishes weekly what it calls the "Unitarian Kalendar." The desire is to call to remembrance the illustrious names and events in Unitarian history which largely interpreted is the history of liberal thought and the open fellowship. On the 19th of July, 1847, the Hibbert Trust was founded; a fund bequeathed to the uncontrolled discretion of the trustees only so that it be used in the spirit of Christianity "in its most simple and intelligent form and to the unfettered exercise of the right of private judgment in matters of religion." On the 21st of July, 1796, Robert Burns died: "Scotland's great poet who was daringly heterodox. Most of our collections are enriched with one or more of his plaintive and beautiful hymns." On this day in 1813 Royal Assent was given to "An Act to relieve persons who impugn the doctrine of the Holy Trinity from certain penalties." This is commonly known as the charter of Unitarian liberty and was passed largely through the exertions of William Smith, M. P., for Norwich, grandfather of Florence Nightingale. On the 23d of July, 1813, Rev. Sylvester Judd was born, author of "Margaret," which Lowell calls the "first Yankee book." On this same day, 1856, Jews were first admitted to Parliament. On the 25th of July, 1834, Samuel Taylor Coleridge died. "In early life he was a Unitarian preacher. Through his influence on many leading minds he may be reckoned the virtual founder of the Broad Church School within the Establishment."

A Plumage Bill having passed its second reading in Parliament by a vote of 297 to 15 seems in great danger of being abandoned just on the eve of its triumph under the old plea of "want of time." The anxiety and disappointment of our English friends is not peculiar. Both the state and national legislatures of the United States are constantly throwing aside, for want of time, the higher needs and nobler wisdom of their constituencies in order that they may wrangle over party issues and the entanglements of trade. Mr. Galsworthy in the *London Times* issues a protest, which some member of Congress ought to read into the minutes so that the *Congressional Record* would carry it before the eyes of every member:

> Something like despair of ever making good another measure which has for its object the abolition of suffering to helpless creatures will seize upon us all. So many of these measures are waiting. Such a great and ever-increasing public is eager to see them passed that, if this Plumage Bill, subject of years of effort and desire, overwhelmingly approved by public and parliamentary opinion, within an ace of being placed on the statute book, is thrown overboard at the last minute for want of time, a real shiver of disgust must pass through us all—not at the indifference or heartlessness of members of Parliament—what can they do save record their overwhelming vote?—but at the impotence of the parliamentary machine, as now constituted, to register the wishes of the people's representatives. I beg the government, before deciding to abandon this bill, to note that it stands, not for itself alone, but for a whole class of bills knocking at the door, bills behind which are hundreds of thousands of people more and more irritated and disheartened that measures of obvious humanity are put off year after year. In this session we have seen decisive expressions of parliamentary opinion recorded in favor of better conditions for children, and the blind; against the worn-out horse traffic; against the vivisection of dogs; above all, against this importation of the plumage of wantonly destroyed birds. Is nothing to be done? No single one of these mandates in favor of the helpless to be carried into law? No single one?

"From Nursery to Battlefield" is the pathetic title of an article by Col. J. L. Clem of the United States Army, published in the *Outlook* for July 4. Clem is the famous "Drummer boy of Chicamauga," who claims to have been the youngest soldier in the Northern Army and who now claims to be the only veteran of the Civil War on the active list of army officers

at the present time. Clem puts in an ingenuous plea for the boy in the army. He argues, apparently unconscious of the gruesome nature of the argument, that inasmuch as war is "bald, naked savagery" and because the boy is nearer to the savage he makes a better soldier. He can fire a gun as well, he can endure hardship at least as well, he is easily educated in the military art, he responds better than a man to discipline, etc., etc. All of which we fear is true, but what about the boy?

A correspondent well remarks concerning Johnny Clem that when he "came out of the Civil War he was so conspicuous on account of his extreme youth that the people were interested in him and gave him a chance for education and training so that he might amount to something. But how about the boys that went into the army just when they should have been acquiring an education and came out unfitted for anything and with bad habits formed?" And we might also add, with the seeds of physical disease ineradically planted in their systems. It is too true there is that in the boy that responds to the military appeal, but it is that which it is the business of education to eliminate as early in life as possible. How mad is the love of parents, who, recognizing the inherited brute, the latent pugilist in their boys, instead of striving to eliminate and supplant the same with the seeds of civilization, cultivate the inherited brute and pugilist with fostering care, filling the very nursery with toy weapons and tin soldiers, filling the minds of their children with the records of violence and leading their earliest reading to the heroisms of the battlefield and the triumphs of force. Is it not the part of the civilized parent and the enlightened teacher of today to hasten the process by which the brutal inheritances of the past are transformed into the love forces of civilization? There was a time when even the religion of man was gory; too much of that element still survives, but love, and not hate, sacrifice and not conquest is now the quest of the devout and the true test of piety.

"War! War!!! War!!!"

How appalling are the headlines in the current "Dailies"! How horrible the menace! How immeasurable is the humiliation to Europe! What gruesome revelation of latent barbarism; how alarming is the evidence that the malignant seed that has been sown in the war gardens of Europe is bearing its fiendish crop!

Oh, how thin is the "civilization," how imbecile is the religion, how crude the "statesmanship," how idle and helpless is the boasted "economic sciences" and much vaunted prudence of the academic world and the political powers!

What is it all about, anyway? Reduced to plain English does it not look like child's play? It is foolishness raised to its N'th power. Something about honor, something about line fences which can only be stated in the vernacular of local prejudices. The Austrian's "cause" may sound imposing when stated in colloquial German, so also does the "cause" of the Servian seem to him who can understand the Slavonic dialect, but in either case the "Cause" is so thin and the issue is so trivial that they are untranslatable. The patriotic Slav can see no adequate cause for the ferocity of the Teuton and vice versa.

Of course these screaming headlines stir the blood of the indolent soldier who is weary of the inanities of peace. They doubtless bring a cheer to the "Jackies" on board the Men of War who are pining for something that will make life less monotonous.

Of course this talk of war stirs the shallow heroics that have been fostered in the military academies, the naval schools and the training camps throughout Europe. Of course it will come as a triumphant vindication to all makers of armor, manufacturers of cannon, battleship contractors, the Hobsons and the Navy Leaguers of the world who have all this while been threatening the awful moment when "war would break out" and picturing the calamitous results of unpreparedness. This war panic, this frenzy of the big type will be irresistable arguments in legislative committee meetings and cabinet rooms where questions of more guns, more battleships, and more soldiers are to be discussed. Of course this battle in type has already demoralized the grain market, and touched with frenzy the stock jobbers.

But we can but hope that the worst has already appeared. The "Silent Empire" of which David Starr Jordan has written so impressively is yet to be heard from. The debt makers, the debt payers, the money lenders, the ghastly bankruptcies that lurk farther down this bloody lane are yet to be heard from.

Where are the newspapers that will anticipate the ghastliness of the battlefield, the gruesomeness of the hospital? Where are the artists who will portray the wagon-loads of amputated limbs, the long rows of the dead, the unburied stacked up like cord wood? Now is the time to force upon the attention of kings, princes and cabinet members the agonies of mothers, and the still sadder humiliation of homes that are to welcome back the debauched men coarsened by war, brutalized by the camp.

Where are the statesmen who will prick this bubble of "injured honor"; the economist who will show how insignificant are boundary lines in their relation to the wealth of the nation when individual property is respected? Where are the representatives of religion,

the real men of God who will tell these aristocrats the plain truth concerning their inflated claims and exaggerated egotism?

If the worst should be realized, if a great war is to come it must inevitably spell itself clear into the horrible contention between languages and religions. Is it to be a battle between the Slavonic and Teutonic races, between the Catholic and the Protestant churches or perchance between the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic Churches? However the lines may be drawn, they will be lines which science, philosophy, religion, as well as the higher politics and the truer democracy persistently ignore.

Now, if ever, is the time to preach the Gospel of Peace; now if ever the boast of modern journalism is to be realized, the papers should seek to mould public opinion on high lines and to enable even kings and generals to see things in their proper perspective. Let the accursed fallacies of war be set forth in their proper light. Let the damnable business be adequately damned in speech and thought. Let artist, orator, teacher, lawyer and above all the ministers of religion speak out and show forth their righteous indignation.

THE NEW DAY.

Silent has been the night, and, oh, so long!
With weary moon forever sailing west,
Save that a bird at midnight trilled a song,
A dream of daylight, from his moonlit nest.

The hills lay couched in slumber, range on range;
The earth was floating in a silver web,—
That mystery of calm before a change,
That lull of waters at the lowest ebb.

Some drowsy notes were all the bird could sing,
Soft as the scattered drops of summer dew;
Then, hushed within the quiet of his wing,
He sang no more: But now the dream comes true.

A thrill runs through the spaces of the night,
And flutters on the wavy eastern line;
Beyond the stars dilates a distant light,
The luminous outflow of a day divine.

With slow approach it deepens into bloom,—
Faint jasmine yellow, with a flush of rose;
And, brightening till it makes the stars a gloom,
O'er all the long uncertainty it flows.

What though the perfect day is yet unborn;
Sweet was the carolled vision of the bird;
Glad are the tidal colors of the morn;
And heaven is pledged without a single word.

The waves of light are breaking on the shore,
Pulsing in cadence to a mightier flow,—
The strong uplift of nobler hopes before
The great new future rising in the glow.

Above the hills surges the day at last,—
The longed-for day, effulgent, high, and wide;
Turn, turn, gray earth, and leave the darkened past,
And swing thyself upon the incoming tide!

—*Louisa Bushnell.*

Mexico To Date

An Address by
FREDERICK STARR,
Given at ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
August 2, 1914.

In 1894 I spent the summer in Mexico. During the next six or eight years I was in Mexico a considerable part of every year, and since 1894, now just twenty years, I have made some twenty-two expeditions into our sister republic. During that time I have become well acquainted with the Mexican people; I have met them all, from the poorest, most ignorant Indians in remote mountain towns up to the President in the capital. I have become much interested in Mexican politics, and I hope that I have come into sympathy with the struggle of the Mexican people in the direction of democracy, and for a fuller, a larger independence.

When I first went to Mexico the head of the nation was the old president, Porfirio Diaz. Many people in those days considered Porfirio Diaz one of the greatest rulers that the world had ever seen; it was the common thing for Americans to claim that he was the greatest living ruler. There is no question that he was in many ways a successful man, both personally and as a governor. I never, however, was as much an admirer of his methods and of their results as many people were.

Porfirio Diaz came into power through the force of arms; he seized control. He found Mexico a poor nation, close to bankruptcy, despised by other nations. During the time that he had charge of affairs he raised that country from its almost bankrupt condition to the position of a country of ambassadorial rank,—a great achievement for any man to accomplish. Personally, I consider it an achievement that never ought to have been accomplished. Remember, Mexico is a nation of about 15,000,000 people,—very ignorant, very poor for the most part. There are some rich men there, intelligent, well educated. There are many Mexicans who have all the culture and polish that would be found in any nation of the world. But that is no reason why a nation consisting of 15,000,000 people, most of them close to the brink of starvation, should be a country of ambassadorial rank. It was almost a miracle to lift the nation to such a position, but it was of questionable advantage.

During the administration of Porfirio Diaz much was done in the way of material advancement in Mexico. Railroads were built, harbors were improved, important public works were undertaken. These were worthy in themselves, and if carried out in proportion to the wealth of the people, they would have been a great blessing. But there is no reason why the city of Puebla, containing less than 100,000 people, should have an insane asylum that cost $1,000,000, Mexican money, or a city hospital that cost $300,000. Such things are not evidence of progress; they are an evidence of foolish and wicked waste of money, and of the grinding of the people through taxation. Thoughtless visitors to Mexico have been much impressed by the splendid National Theatre building in the City of Mexico. It is a beautiful building, constructed of white marble, not yet finished; up to date it has cost something over fifteen million pesos. In other words, the population of Mexico has

been taxed one Mexican dollar per person,—man, women and child,—for a building which is yet far from finished. There is no reason why a population of that size and poverty should have a National Theatre at that expense.

Almost everything that Porfirio Diaz did illustrates this same idea. It made a magnificent impression on the outside world, but it reduced the people, year by year, to greater poverty and distress.

In 1910 I went to Mexico, after several years' absence, to help celebrate the centennial of its independence. Through the whole month of September, beginning with the first day and ending with the last, there was a splendid public program of beautiful processions, fine pageants, magnificent spectacles, gorgeous illuminations. Neither in Chicago nor New York has there ever been a spectacle so grand and beautiful, a display so extravagant as the celebration of September, 1910, in Mexico. It cost 16,000,000 pesos,—more than one peso for every man, woman and child in the Republic. A celebration of independence comes high at such a cost, and yet if it had been genuine, if the Mexican people had really been enjoying the blessings of freedom, I am sure that the nation would gladly have expended that amount. As it was, the words of a man in the crowd voiced public feeling. He said to me, on one of those splendid days of celebration, "Ah, sir, if only they would spend one half this money for the establishment of schools where our poor, ignorant boys could learn how to use their hands in honest labor, what a splendid celebration it would be!"

Well, the celebration came to an end, and at the close of the month people generally thought that Porfirio Diaz was more strongly seated than ever before. A thousand visitors went back to their homes singing his praises, and asserting that the old man had a stronger hold upon the nation than at any time during the forty years during which he had controlled its destinies. But I had come too closely into contact with the common people, and when I left Mexico at the close of September, 1910, I said: "Ninety-five per cent of the population is ready for revolution and Porfirio Diaz' government is doomed." My remarks caused laughter to many, who should have known the situation in the Republic of Mexico.

In the summer of 1910 there was an election in the Republic of Mexico. But first let us look back a little. In 1908 James Creelman had an interview with President Diaz. It was printed in *Pearson's Magazine* in the fall of that year. In the course of that interview Mr. Creelman asked President Diaz many questions in regard to his policy and the conditions in Mexico. In answer to his questions, among other things, President Diaz said that he himself did not care for the power; that he was ready to lay down control; that he would be glad when some one else might take up the government of Mexico and fill the President's chair. He said he would welcome the formation of an opposition party; that such a party would find his administration favorable to its development; that such a party would have a fair show and would be given opportunity to bring out an honest vote of the people in Mexico. That interview was meant for reading in England and America, not in Mexico; but it was read in Mexico, it was much talked over. Many interested people asked, "Is the old man honest in his statement? Will he really recognize an opposition party? Will he really hail a genuine vote of the people. We will prove him. We will give him an opportunity." During the year 1909 and the early part of 1910, anti-re-election societies were organized all over the Republic of Mexico. These societies took as fundamental an idea that was imbedded in the constitution of 1857. It had been a dead letter during the time of the power of Porfirio Diaz. The principle was, that no man was eligible for re-election to the office of governor or president in the Republic of Mexico.

It is a capital idea; an idea which should appeal to all Republics. There is no Republic which is advancing, no Republic which is flourishing, but what has plenty of men competent to occupy the position of the highest ruler in the land. Its fate cannot lie in the power and wisdom of one man only. The idea that no man should have a second term in the presidential office must appeal to you strongly after you have thought of it. No man should have a second term in presidential office in a Republic; still less ought it to be possible for any man to be seriously mentioned for a third term. The term of office should, however, be longer than four years; four years is too short a time for a man to properly train himself to discharge the duties of that high office, but, if the term be six years with no re-election, the Republic will be on safer ground than with a short term and re-election.

There was another plank in the platform of the new movement, that of effective suffrage. For forty years there had been no such thing as effective suffrage in Mexico. Those men only had voted who were wanted to vote by the powers in control. No other votes were cast or, if cast, were not counted.

Prominent among the men voicing the ideas of these societies was Francisco I. Madero. He was a man of Portuguese family; his people were wealthy, land holders in a northern state. His grandfather had once been Governor of the State of Coahuila. As Governor, he had been a good ruler, but a man of no particular strength or force of character. Francisco I. Madero was queer as a young man. His people did not pretend to understand him; they were in the habit of talking of him as if something was the matter with him. Something was the matter with him. For years he suffered frightfully from epileptic attacks; but he was a man who threw himself into anything that interested him with great enthusiasm, and so when he began to take an interest in political movements, he threw himself heart and soul into them. He wrote a book called "The Presidential Succession of 1910," in which he urged that President Diaz should not be re-elected; he indicated why anti-re-election was a sound principle; he made an appeal for effective suffrage. As a result of his book and his prominence, he was nominated by the anti-re-election societies for the office of the President of the Republic.

With him Emilio Vasquez Gomez was nominated for Vice-President. The campaign started nicely. Madero's book sold by thousands and was widely read. However, difficulties arose. In the meetings addressed by anti-re-election leaders, disturbances took place. Mr. Madero, on one occasion, from one of the northern states telegraphed President Diaz, saying, "You prom-

ised protection and assistance. We are molested in conducting an honest and peaceful propaganda. Give us our rights." But did the old man down in Mexico City give them their rights? Far from it. At San Luis Potosi, Francisco I. Madero was seized and thrown into jail and other efforts were made to stop the threatening campaign that was being waged by the anti-re-electionists. The election came. It was an election of the old kind; one in which only the right votes were cast, overwhelmingly in favor of Porfirio Diaz and Ramon Corral. Thus, at the time when the celebration of the Republic's independence took place, that dishonest election had recently been held; President Diaz had been returned to office, and with his hated Vice-President was about to begin a new term.

The anti-re-election societies exhausted every constitutional procedure. They appealed to Congress to investigate the election, to prove its falseness, to seat the men whom a fair vote would have elected President and Vice-President. Congress met and declared that the election had been honest and again seated Porfirio Diaz. When they saw that their last chance of legal redress was gone, the anti-re-electionists appealed to the people and revolution started. It began in November, only two months after that splendid celebration, and soon the whole country was in a blaze. In December I went to Mexico to see the Republic in revolution. I was there during the months of January, February and March, 1911, and saw the beginning of the end. I saw the great construction which had been erected with such labor by Porfirio Diaz crumble into ruins. I saw those bad governors whom he had held in office year after year compelled to resign their places. I saw the President forced to advocate land reforms when in the beginning he had declared them unnecessary. I did not see the downfall of his wicked cabinet, but on my way homeward heard the glad announcement. On the 25th of May Porfirio Diaz handed in his resignation to Congress and it was at once accepted. This resignation was made according to an agreement between the Diaz government and the revolutionists. This agreement provided for an interregnum and stipulated that Francisco Leon de la Barra should be President until a regular election could be held. Porfirio Diaz resigned the 25th of May. He sneaked away by private train, secretly, at night; reaching Vera Cruz, he took steamer and today is an exile in the French Republic.

It is unnecessary to say much about the rule of Francisco Leon de la Barra. He filled a difficult position with credit to himself and with advantage to his country. When he left office, the election having been held, he was generally hailed as "The White President," a name which suggested the honesty and integrity with which he filled office.

By the election Francisco I. Madero became President of the Republic of Mexico. He was elected by the only open and genuine vote that had been cast in half a century; he received more than 99 per cent of the vote. With him was elected as Vice-President a man named Pino Suarez. While this election was honest as far as Madero was concerned, the election of Pino Suarez to the office of Vice-President was utterly corrupt. You remember that, when they began their campaign in 1910, Madero had for his running mate Emilio Vasquez Gomez, a man with a good deal of Indian blood in his veins, and of considerable ability. From the point of brains, he was Madero's superior. When Madero knew that nothing could prevent his being elected President, he, acting under the advice of his brother, Gustavo Madero,—a man without principles or ideals,—decided that he did not want Emilio Vasquez Gomez for his Vice-President; consequently he betrayed him and in his place put Pino Suarez. This man had been his companion in revolution; he was a poet, from Yucatan; he had no political experience and was a man of no particular ability apart from his poetry. The anti-re-election societies repudiated him; they insisted upon running Emilio Vasquez Gomez for Vice-President. The campaign became bitter; Emilio Vasquez Gomez was defeated by the same corrupt means that Porfirio Diaz had always used in elections; Pino Suarez was elected by force, intimidation, bribery and corruption.

The two men went into power under such circumstances. What record did Madero make? He formed a cabinet which outraged the Republic. Diaz himself had never dared to organize such a body of advisers. It was flagrant nepotism. In it was the hated Pino Suarez, Madero's unprincipled brother, his uncle Ernesto—who was made secretary of the treasury. Yet one of the crimes attributed to Diaz by Madero was that he had placed his personal friends in power.

The moment he came into power Francisco I. Madero began to deplete the treasury. There were of course many ways in which money *had* to be spent. Those who had taken part in the revolution had to be paid; many promises had been undertaken which had to be met; these were things about which the people made no great cry, but when a bill for seven hundred thousand pesos was presented, to be paid to Ernesto Madero without explanation, there was an outcry. People asked what this seven hundred thousand pesos represented; was it money returned to the Madero family for private advances to the revolution, or was it to pay secret loans received from sympathizers in the United States? The fact that the question was never answered caused deep feeling in Mexico.

When Francisco I. Madero was elected, he said to the poor people, "You have been robbed of hundreds of thousands of acres of land; they have been stolen from you through unjust laws." He was right; thousands of acres had been stolen from the poor people; they were entitled to get back their land. When he came into power did he return the land? His own people were large landholders; all his friends were people who held large tracts in northern states. It is an easy thing to promise things in leading a revolution, it is a difficult thing to carry out those promises in times of peace. Francisco I. Madero did *not* return those lands to the people whom he had cajoled, and the result was an outburst of feeling through the whole nation.

I went again to Mexico in December, 1911. At that time Madero had been in power something over a year, so that it was possible to judge of the success of his administration. While there I read nine papers daily. Eight of them were hostile to the President, the ninth belonged to Gustavo Madero and was favorable to the administration. The other eight represented all classes, the conservative, the progressive, the radical; they represented the common people, the better classes, everybody; of those eight papers every one demanded the withdrawal of the President. They said, "If you will

not withdraw yourself, we demand that you force Pino Suarez and Ernesto Madero out of your cabinet. Do that and we will be content. But you must go yourself or force these two bad advisers from their places."

I called on Mr. Madero the last evening I was in the country and was received in that famous palace on the rock of Chapultepec. Ho spoke English well and we conversed at length. Finally I asked, "Is it your intention, Mr. President, to resign your office?" "Oh, no," he said, "I shall not resign my office. I intend to hold through my term." I said, "That may be, but if you do, it will be a difficult thing to do, because many thousands of people of all sorts demand your resignation." "Ah," said he, "I have met many difficulties in the past; I shall meet difficulties in the future, but I shall hold my office to the end of my term. Why, sir, I was elected to this position by more than 99 per cent of the vote cast in the only honest election held in this country for fifty years. I shall not resign."

We all know he did not resign; six weeks later he was a dead man. Soon after that interview came the remarkable battle which raged nine days in that splendid capital city. I doubt whether it was really so much of a battle as it was intended to be considered. There were few casualties considering the number of shots fired, and most of them were among non-combatants. But a vast amount of powder, shot and ball were wasted in those streets. At the end what happened? The revolution against Francisco I. Madero, President of the Republic, precipitated undoubtedly by the old element, but representing also the people outraged by his broken promises, met success, and Francisco I. Madero and Pino Suarez were prisoners in the palace upon the great plaza.

There was treachery, undoubtedly. Madero's interests rested in the hands of Victoriana Huerta. I have not time to go into the story of the strained relationship between the men. Whatever those relations were, Huerta proved false and Madero found himself a prisoner in the palace from whence he had been conducting his battle. Mexicans are sticklers for the letter of the law. They observed the letter of the law in this moment of excitement, when the President and Vice-President had been made prisoners and the revolution had succeeded. The resignations of Francisco I. Madero and Pino Suarez were obtained and sent to Congress. I presume their resignations were forced from them, but they were properly drawn up and properly signed. When received by Congress they were properly accepted. The nation was thus left without a President or Vice-President. According to the constitution, under such circumstances, the man who is at the head of the department of foreign affairs becomes President. In this case that man was Pedro Lascurain, who at once became President of the Republic of Mexico. He proceeded to organize his cabinet and then he resigned, having been President thirty-five minutes. The man whom he appointed as the Minister of Foreign Affairs in his cabinet was Victoriano Huerta, and hence Victoriano Huerta became President of the Republic of Mexico at Lascurain's resignation. You will notice that everything was done absolutely in accordance with the constitution. Whatever our sympathies may be, there is no question that Victoriano Huerta was constitutionally President of the Republic of Mexico. Every legal detail was carefully observed even in that hour of excitement.

At that time Madero was still living. Huerta became President, not through the death of Madero, but through constitutional operation during the lifetime of Madero. Within the next few hours both Madero and Pino Suarez were murdered. The official story says that, it being thought that the prisoners would be safer in the penitentiary than in the city palace, they were ordered removed in automobiles; this removal was being made late at night; an attack was made, presumably for rescue, and during the attack both men were killed by accident, and probably by the guns of their own friends. No Mexican believes that story, and it was not intended to be believed. Many official announcements are not supposed to be believed, but serve their purpose. What really happened, no doubt, is this. These two men were murdered in cold blood in the palace and their dead bodies were carried out in automobiles and a pretence made of attacking them.

To what degree Huerta was responsible for the murder I do not know. I doubt whether he ordered the killing or instigated it. He might have prevented it. It is possible, even probable, that murder was not at first contemplated. Presumably the two men proved disagreeable and troublesome prisoners and so were killed. It was brutal and shocking, in any event, and the whole world shuddered at the deed.

Huerta was President of the Republic, not through the death of those two men, but through the natural operation of the constitution of Mexico.

After Madero's death two things happened. First, a revolution started in the north, under Carranza and Villa. Carranza was a man whom Madero placed in power as Governor of Coahuila; he had been a member of the cabinet of the revolutionary government. Francisco Villa, a fairly bold and successful leader, had conducted a local force during the revolution, and Madero had a fondness for him. This revolution has been notably successful. I do not hesitate to say that left to itself it would have failed promptly. But it has been successful, and today the whole of the northern states are in the hands of the revolutionists.

The second thing that happened is—Mr. Wilson. I am a Democrat, I was brought up the blackest of black Republicans, but I have been a Democrat for some years; so much so that I once voted for Mr. Bryan as President—think of it; I might even vote for him as President again, but never for Secretary of State. However, that is neither here nor there. I just want you to know that I would like to feel that Mr. Wilson is all right; for him and his motives I have sincere respect; but I am totally out of sympathy with the whole of his Mexican policy.

What did Mr. Wilson do? He first made an announcement to the world that we can only look with dissatisfaction upon power gained through violence. It is a good principle in theory, but where would it lead to? What could we do with Servia, for instance, if such a rule as that was in general application? What would we do with all the countries of South and Central America, and various countries of Europe and Asia? We must take the world as it is. If we are going to play as a nation among nations we have got to follow the rules of the game to some degree, even though we may regret that things are as they are.

Well, Mr. Wilson made his pronouncement. Then what? He sent John Lind down there. Now, Mr. Lind is all right; I have nothing but respect for him. He is a Scandinavian and I admire the race; he has

been a Governor of Minnesota, and no doubt a good Governor; but I know the Mexicans, and the last person who should be sent to Mexico is a Scandinavian, because every quality that makes a man a good Scandinavian makes him unfit to deal with the Mexicans. However, he was sent to tell Mexico four distinct things that she was to do.

Now what is sovereignty? Sovereignty—national existence—is the unquestioned right to attend to the internal affairs of the nation undisturbed. That *constitutes* national existence and sovereignty, and when Mr. Wilson sent a man to tell Mexico what she should do in her own affairs, he was going far beyond his rights; he was interfering with the integrity and existence of a sister nation.

They know more about diplomacy down yonder than we do; they are schooled in that line, and Mr. Lind was no match for Federico Gamboa. I know Mr. Gamboa well. He has had long experience in diplomatic circles; he has been Minister to the Netherlands and special Minister to Spain; he was connected with the Mexican Foreign Office for years; he has been with the Mexican Embassy at Washington; he is a diplomat. When he got through with Mr. Lind and his demands, the whole world was laughing, because they saw that we had not a single plank on which to stand; we were torn to tatters in the diplomatic field.

Mr. Wilson is not a man to feel happy under such circumstances. What did he do? When he found that Huerta did not propose to pay any attention to the orders that he sent, he said, "That old Indian must go, must get out of Mexico." But first "all Americans must get out of Mexico," and he asked Congress to appropriate $100,000 to help to get them out. When the war between Russia and Japan was declared I was in the city of Tokio. Did Russia send a hysterical order to all Russians in Japan to leave the country? Whoever heard of such a thing? Why should the Americans in Mexico get out? Why should the President of the United States order them to leave Mexico? Many of them sent telegrams asking why they should leave. Thousands did come out. When a dog runs then is the moment when every one is tempted to throw a stone at him. If we wanted to have the Mexicans kill Americans, the best way to get it done was to order them to flee from the country.

What next? Mr. Wilson said, "Is that old Indian not gone yet? I must cut off his supplies." Remember this old Indian had been recognized by Germany and France and Great Britain; he needed money to bring peace to his suffering nation; he could easily secure it in Europe. But we interfered. We said to bankers here and yonder, "If you lend money to this man and he is defeated by and by, you must expect no aid from us to get it back." So the old man's supplies were shut off. Months of internecine strife, hundreds of deaths, loss of property, chaos and ruin were the result of our action.

"What, not gone yet, that stubborn old Indian—when we told him he should go? Still there, when we have shut off his supplies? Something must be done." So we raised the embargo on arms; we permitted arms and ammunition, everything they needed, to go in to help the rebels in the north. Still the old man hung on. Then we learned that he was getting sixty million pesos in the city of Mexico. The case was desperate—and the Tampico incident took place. You hear nothing about that incident nowadays. It was nothing serious; it was ridiculous. The demand that Admiral Mayo made was so ridiculous that within twenty-four hours he changed it. The demand was ridiculous, but it nearly launched our nation into war. As the result of it we seized Vera Cruz. That thing was meant to be a bluff; we did not believe we would have to seize the city. But the old Indian was stubborn and we occupy today the most important port of Mexico. What does it mean? Why are we holding Vera Cruz?

Then came that offer of mediation on the part of three friendly South American nations. When asked, in the beginning, what would be the result, I said, "Nothing, because Mr. Wilson knows what he wants; if he gets what he asks for, the mediation will be a success; but they can't give him what he wants and nought will come of mediation." Nought has come. The mediators take great credit to themselves—and we would not take away their comfort—let them have the credit of having settled the Tampico incident.

At last the old man went—went like a gentleman. You say he is a drunkard. Perhaps so, I do not know; but didn't he keep a pretty level head during that year or more, while he was fighting against the United States—against Mr. Wilson? When he went, he took a train openly, went through a country where it was asserted rebels were waiting for him, was received courteously by the warships of European nations in the harbor; he was received like a gentleman, having proved himself to be a gentleman and a man under very trying circumstances. Whatever was true when he came into office, when he left he was the best man to handle the affairs of Mexico.

The hope of Mexico is in this Indian blood. They need more men like Juarez and Altamirano and Huerta. With such they will settle their own problems.

What now? We hear little about Mexico at present for two reasons. First, it is overshadowed by the European war interest; and secondly, it is not intended that we should hear much from Mexico just now.

We would like to know what Villa is doing. Talk about bloody hands! Old man Huerta's hands are white compared with Villa's. He is a bandit and always has been. Do you think that Villa and Carranza represent the people of Mexico? Never. Men from the northern desert of the Republic can never hold power in the city of Mexico without the aid of foreign guns. Those men represent a small part of the Republic, very scantily settled districts. If Carranza comes into power right now—unless we maintain him in the position to which we have elevated him—he will not hold power six months. As for Villa—why, he is no ruler. Villa is a personal coward. On one occasion he fell on his knees and wept bitterly and begged Huerta to spare his life when it had been justly forfeited, through trial by an honest court martial. Villa is a brute; yet we have played him, he is our creature. What he will do with Carranza before he gets through is a thing we would like to know. We shall have to deal with him. We shall have Carranza yet to deal with. We shall find all their protestations empty words. Their cry of constitutionalism is empty words. The population of Mexico lives in the center and the south. Any *real* reform will come from there, and in the end it must be a man from the people and the actual population who shall be in control, and not a man from the desert of the north.

Lastly, it makes no difference how fit a man is for the position or how strong with the nation he may be, *if the United States gives its hearty endorsement to him, his usefulness will be ended.* Mr. Wilson will not be satisfied until some man is in power in Mexico who satisfies the people of the United States, has their approbation and his. The moment *such* a man becomes President of Mexico, his period of usefulness will end by the mere fact of our giving him the stamp of our approval. So much they love us.

The Purpose of a College Education

John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University, says: "The results, which by the four years of training, we hope and expect to produce I would characterize in a single sentence: It is a transformation of the schoolboy into a man of the world—a man who can move freely and familiarly in the midst of the world's varied activties, who speaks its language, who is conversant with its manners and who can interpret its thought. . . . The true man of the world is not confined to the knowledge merely of his own day and generation. He must know the world of the past as well as the world of the present. He must be free from provincialism, not only as regards space but also as regards time. Let the college man be a man of the world, but let his world be the world of all time, of all lands and of all sorts and conditions of men."—

The American Boy.

WOOD MOULD.

Unnumbered summers lie within thy heart,
O fibrous mould, sweet with the violet's death;
Long seasons unrecorded hide in thee,
And vesture of the forest manifold.
Thou art the heaped-up grave of countless flowers,
And red-cup mosses and quick-springing ferns,
Where mighty chunks of giants of the wood
Have crumbled down upon thy earthy couch,
The seed-plot and the tomb of living things.
So were all groves to wither thou wouldst hold
The potency of life within thy breast;
All vanished glories of the forest fade
To the same semblance, indistinguishable
In thee, the brown alembic of the earth.

There is a matrix of our human race
Where all that was passes and is no more;
But potencies remain and powers of being,
And out of mouldered lives new impulse springs;
New art, new systems, and new hopes of man.
Old laws decay, old customs, and old faiths;
But in decay lies all the future growth.
For hidden as the seed within the soil
Bourgeons the good of times as yet unborn.
There is no separate life, nor yet alone
Draw we a single breath; but for the whole
We live and for the whole we die.
But God is great, and somehow, who can tell?
May He pluck out the immortal from the dust.

—Augusta Larned in "In Woods and Fields."
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

My Library—No. XI.

The years 1874-6 brought many a permanent addition to My Library, but none that, on the whole, were more useful or more valuable than Lowell's three volumes of "Essays." I wonder if the present generation of readers really knows what a series of incomparable papers were there given to the world, and whether they are being read nowadays as they unquestionably deserve. Without detraction from the acknowledged merit of the many who have written literary essays before or since then, it is quite possible to give unqualified praise to Lowell, and yet not do him complete justice or them injustice. Opening his volumes today is like again being translated to a realm so overflowing with richness and satisfaction that the soul almost cloys with it before one is aware. Erudition there is, without stumbling or end; penetration, that searches the core of every subject, main or subordinate; style, all compact, yet so compelling that attention never flags; and a wit that seasons all, yet never is degenerate or out of place. Sentiment, there is, too, in large measure, but never unwholesome; and an upright humaneness gives character to the whole, which, like the "nobleness" he sings of in one of his sonnets, rises

"In majesty to meet thine own."

To read Lowell's prose volumes in their entirety is to apply one's mind, without fear of unwholesomeness of any kind, to all that is best in English literature and its Italian and French forerunners, as well as to the best that is in American Life and Character. The whole gamut of noblest aspiration and achievement since Piers Plowman, and Roland, and Dante, is run in his essays, with a sureness of tone and harmony that leads one to expect even the "music of the spheres" to be heard not long hence. If sometimes Lowell may appear pedantic and overladen with richness of detail, let us be sure, before saying this, that we ourselves do not fail to bring to the reading quite everything that the more intelligent and consequently strictly legitimate point of view requires.

Well do I remember my first dip into "My Study Windows," and the deep baths of satisfaction which resulted so naturally when I read "A Good Word for Winter." A good word for winter! Who had ever heard one, in all the country round, where I had lived and shoveled and plowed the weary way almost continually from every December until March; and where everybody else had shivered and frozen too many times to retain much friendliness toward winter, in any sense. To us—to me, always before this—winter had been simply a forbidding, cruel terror, to be met and conquered with whatever grace might be given us. With its oncoming, there had always ceased nearly every kind of productive work, and much of the enforced spare time had always been more or less filled with mutterings that made the frost all the keener, and the snowdrifts higher than ever before. In fact, all the words that I had ever heard about winter were of the order "bad"; yet now came one, who, with a persuasiveness that was as sympathetic as it was enlightening, calmly offered a "good" word, and, what was quite remarkable, made one ready to repeat it after him, with a joy before unknown. When this master of observation and experience dared to affirm that "The preludings of winter are as beautiful as

those of spring," and then proceeded even to gloat over the "virginal look" of the morning succeeding "a gray December day," and the "confusion of elements incident thereto," it was felt that there was a new spirit abroad in what before had been looked upon from the viewpoint of "numbed fingers" only, and a "blinding drift" that was not of "words" alone, by any means. And, too, when Lowell said that on such a morning, "The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed: whatever was stiff has been sweetly rounded as the breasts of Aphrodite; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if, Cowley would have said, 'Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it'—now when he said this, he put an entirely new meaning into the white world, a meaning that on many an occasion after, when in the midst of storms that neither man nor beast seemed able safely to cope with, was to be remembered as being as beautiful as it was needed, both for character and cheer.

And how one's natural self-respect did expand and clarify, too, as the significance of the pages of "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners" came to be a part of one's own thought! One had heard and read so much about the goodly past ages, the wonderful achievements and the great importance of other countries, that it seemed America must still have so much to do in order to place itself alongside them in any least respect, that all one's thoughts and feelings must necessarily be half tinged with an insignificance, which if not exactly true, must consistently be more or less mortifying. But here, again, came Lowell to restore the National Soul to a consciousness of its own importance. Nobody from abroad, intrusively condescending to remind us that we are "a country without traditions, without ennobling associations, a scramble of *parvenus*, with a horrible consciousness of shoddy running through politics, manners, art, literature, nay, religion itself," as Lowell describes it, need ever again undertake to brow-beat or cow us; for we were here helped to see that "Lexington is none the worse for not being in Greece, nor Gettysburg, that its name is not Marathon," and to feel that, if "it will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us," she will none the less surely come to the hour when we can say to her, with all boldness and faith, "pray, when we look to be treated like men, don't shake that rattle in our faces, nor talk baby to us any longer." As I read subsequently what the author had to say about Josiah Quincy and Emerson, and Lincoln, and all else American, I came to feel very sure that our country not only needed not to make apology, but would soon be ready to indulge in a righteous self-consciousness, which none would ever again have the temerity to question or ignore. And then, so many years after, and so recently, too, when Lowell was our representative at the court of St. James, what a glow of the old satisfaction to know that his tongue and pen were still equally eloquent, and that his weight and influence still thoroughly justified the promise of his earlier sentiments. His address "On Democracy" seemed like a prearranged fulfillment of the earlier seer's profoundest utterances.

But it was neither his just treatment of winter, nor his maintenance of American self-respect that mostly endeared Lowell to me upon my first reading. Lucky beyond everything was the hour when I first ventured to read his essay on "Dante," and luckier still, that which fastened my attention upon "Chaucer." To me they both had before been little else than blank names in my vocabulary, and this in spite of the fact that I had heard several lectures at the University of Michigan by the late Moses Ciot Tyler, on "Early English Literature." If in these lectures references had been made to either Dante or Chaucer, I must have missed them or found them beyond comprehension; for I found Lowell's treatment of them an absolutely fresh field, and one that, while I entered it with becoming trepidation and self-depreciation, was yet enjoyed to an extent which I am now greatly surprised at. That I should have enjoyed the essay on Chaucer from the very first I readily understood; that Chaucer himself has always proven more and more attractive as the years have multiplied, is equally clear. But that the essay on Dante should have been patiently read and liked, was as incomprehensible then as now, for try as I have, I have never yet been able to read his "Divina Commedia" beyond a few cantos, in any translation,—even Cary's, or Longfellow's, or Norton's; nor have I been able to develop any particular interest in his other writings, even with the help not only of Lowell, but of Brother Azarius, or of Harris, or of Davidson more recently, or of Symonds, more recently still, and this even in spite of Macauley's saying in a letter, "I still think of Dante, as I thought when I first read him, that he is a superior poet to Milton, that he runs neck and neck with Homer, and that none but Shakespeare has gone decidedly beyond him." Possibly Dante may be all this, and likewise all that is everywhere claimed for him; but to me, in spite of Lowell's calling Dante "a mystic with a very practical turn of mind," the "Divina Commedia" is in reality only what the German, Teeck, has seemingly with most convincing appropriateness called it, "a mystic, unfathomable song"; a judgment that with me is likely to remain, even in spite of Carlyle's rather enthusiastic affirmation that "Dante's painting is not graphic only, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire on a dark night"; but, likewise, "taken on the wider scale, it is every way noble, and the outcome of a great soul," in fact, in all respects, "genuinely a song." I grant that it is a "song," one worthy to be the outcome of the greatest soul; but I must yet await the day when I can sing it with any sort of harmonious interest. Perhaps if I could read it in the original some of the difficulty would vanish; but, even so, there would yet remain my innate repugnance to putting into any such mechanism as Dante uses, the varied experiences of the shadows of the dread valley, and of the soul's triumphant emergence therefrom. To me, the subject matter of the "Divina Commedia" has in reality a prosaic childishness about it that isn't "unfathomable" at all: it is simply uninteresting for the most part, and totally insufferable, in many places. Both Harris and Brother Azarius have much to say about the "spiritual significance" of this poem; for me it has very little of this, in any sense; the rather, a dry literalness that forbids my seeing very much meaning of any kind that is significant to my soul, either now or hereafter.

However, when I read Lowell's essay, I expected it would be otherwise. I expected that the pages of Cary would be made all alive with a meaning that could nowhere else be gleaned. These failing, I expected in Norton's prose translation to find the "fire" that would unceasingly glow in the recesses of my soul, and make me a Dantean forevermore. This failing, I determinedly took to Longfellow with all the enthusiasm begotten of reading his own account of the beautiful evenings, when he and Norton and Lowell and Sumner and others met in his study in the "Craige House," and gave their best learning and inspiration to rendering the Divina Commedia into an English which should present its every sense and content and spirit to the average mind. But here I have failed, too; and I now swallow my disappointment as best I may, and patiently await the influx of some sort of light and warmth which will somehow make it possible for me to read and like Dante, as so many have claimed to do, and are still claiming to do, with equal zest.

And the pain of all this deepens as I realize how differently it was and is with Chaucer. Here is a man, who, both in his own pages and in Lowell's, comes to me as "of the earth earthy," full of the glow, and strength, and variability, and fun, and goodness of this life, and mildly expectant of reaping as well the reward of just men made perfect in the world to come. You feel from the first that if you are closely in touch with flesh and blood, you are also dealing with a potency as noble as it is harmonious, and that with Chaucer you need not be ashamed to keep company until the golden portals are before you, and Love's all-enfolding takes you to its own throbbing, beatific breast. There is little beating about the bush of "mystical unfathomableness" here. No vague reference to "that spirit" or "that divine one"; as in Dante. Everything stands forth in the full light of blessed day, and the day itself is all resplendent with entrancing hues of the oncoming night. Here, too, Lowell is at his best. My first reading of his paper was a surprise, an emancipation, an uplift such as I am sure Dante could never suggest nor stimulate; for with every sentence I felt a fellowship that impressed as well as satisfied. Probably this was in part because, "With Chaucer it is always the thing itself and not the description of it that is the main object"; or "His key is so low that his high lights are never obtrusive"; or, because "He does not need to personify, ... for personification is but the subterfuge of imaginative and professional poets." Perhaps, too, it is because when Chaucer describes anything, it is commonly by one of those simple and obvious epithets or qualities that are so easy to understand. At any rate, "in thus turning frankly and gaily to the actual world, and drinking inspiration from sources open to all; in turning away from a colorless abstraction to the solid earth and the emotions common to every pulse; in discovering that to make the best of nature, and not to grope vaguely after something better than nature, was the true office of Art; in insisting on a definite purpose, on veracity, cheerfulness, and simplicity," Chaucer commended himself most welcomely to me when first I read Lowell's paper, and has ever since stood forth for much that is most worth while in the poetical world. Dante and Chaucer, it seemed to me, stood at the threshold of the differences which were to engage the human mind, as it advanced to the position of the prospective modern world; and I felt my sympathies all enlisted on the side of the man who believed this was God's own world, and as such to be respected, understood and enjoyed. To me Chaucer has seemed, as he did to Spencer, a "most sacred, happy spirit"; and my soul assents unreservedly to Lowell's summary, that "he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly humane, and friendly, with God and men." Ah, yes, he was humane and friendly, and being so, we do not wonder "that we love him even more than we admire," and find, too, that, as he himself said,

> "Through me men go into the blissful place
> Of the heart's heal and deadly woundes' cure,"

and consequently respond to his inspiration to

> "Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow off-cast,
> All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast!"

and be satisfied.

Altogether then, my testimony to Lowell's effectiveness as an essayist may perhaps be best summed up by Stedman's remark, "A thing deserves more weight from the fact that he has said it." And, as I look back upon the accesion of his volumes to My Library, I am glad to feel that to have "read him enjoyably is a point in evidence of a liberal education," a point which I would not like to have missed, and doubt if anyone can miss without irreparable loss.

SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y.

ONLY PASSERS.

Aye, some do pass and never know
That birds sing in the trees,
Voicing in low melodious flow
Song's haunting ecstacies.
And others run by rule and rote,
No beauty at heart's core,
And fail to note that roses float
Above the cottage door.

And many pace a narrow sphere
With lone and hungry hearts,
And give those near no word of cheer,
Nor practice loving arts.
The countless rove with heedless ear,
Yet long for music sweet,
And never hear the rhythms clear
That through home voices beat.

And there are those who stalk in dream
Of distant sun-warmed isle,
And miss rare gleam—home's sweet sunbeam—
A child's shy wistful smile.
Yea, these are passers on life's strand
Who ever look afar
For joy's blithe band or glories grand,
And miss both flower and star.

The Mothers' Magazine, August, 1914.

—*Oscar H. Roesner.*

I cannot see, my God, a reason why
From morn to night I go not gladsome, free;
For, if thou art what my soul thinketh thee,
There is no burden but should lightly lie,
No duty but a joy at heart must be:
Love's perfect will can be nor sore nor small,
For God is light—in him no darkness is at all.

George MacDonald.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

The past week at Tower Hill has been even pleasanter than the preceding one, as the weather has been cool enough to permit of more activities. Last Saturday the energetic members of the community had a picnic on Sugar Loaf. All seemed to have enjoyed it, and even those who found the walk somewhat strenuous thought it worth while when they reached the top of the hill. It is true that some were frightened by stories of recent finds in snakes, but it is to be hoped that all such unpleasant subjects were speedily forgotten.

Sunday was the usual quiet day to which we all look forward on the "Hill." At vespers Mr. Jones again read from Whittier and Mr. Harder sang.

The nature study class was spurred to immediate action by rumors (only too well founded) of squash bugs in the garden. Under Miss McMinn's directions the offending insects were carefully removed from the vines and plunged into boiling water. We now look for a decided increase in the squash crop. For the rest of the week the class has continued the study of ferns and taken up a few of the commoner flowers.

The week's Apocryphal study began with the Sibylline Books. From these Mr. Jones conceived the idea of asking the class to write acrostics on Tower Hill, preferably in hexameter. The downcast faces brightened a little at the offer of a prize, although the nature of it is yet to be revealed. The only member of the class who refused to enter the contest was promptly appointed judge; and we are now awaiting her decision.

The lovers of Whitman are still enjoying the readings on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mr. Jones has finished "Of Myself."

On Wednesday we had a picnic supper on the tennis court in honor of "Uncle Enos'" birthday. Now we are eagerly looking for another anniversary to celebrate. But since the Fourth of July is past and Thanksgiving in the distant future, unless we can manage another birthday it is to be feared that our efforts will be fruitless.

Yesterday we were much interested by the following notice on the bulletin board, "'Lulu Fado.' In pavilion tonight after the mail." One thought it must be some foreigner who was to address us. Others that it was a new book Mr. Jones wished to read. However, Lulu Fado proved to be one of the latest dances, and we had a continuation of last week's dancing lesson. This class promises to be almost as popular as any on the "Hill."

ETHEL CHALKLEY.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 8, 1914.

HER HAIR

Some day women will wear their hair short.

Do not be alarmed. This drear calamity will not fail upon us for a long time yet.

And why will they forswear "the glory of a woman?"

In the first place they will deny that it is a glory. That is an ancient Oriental expression, uttered by the same race which makes its women cut their hair off and wear wigs, when married.

It is neither more nor less a glory than a Chinaman's queue. Time was when our men wore their hair long and were as proud of it as women are yet. Only slaves and other ignominious persons had short hair. Witness the scorn of love-locked English cavaliers for the "Roundheads." Now we have to fairly shave our convicts to make them look different from the ordinary citizens, and in summer the small boy rivals the convict.

But why should women cut their hair? For the same reasons that men do, precisely: because it is cooler, more comfortable, far less trouble, easier to keep clean, and allows of freer exercise.

Mermaids have nothing to do but comb their hair — real women have other business.

But a woman's hair is so beautiful.

Is it? Any woman's hair?

Look up and down the aisle of the car —along the seats of the theatre—anywhere that women's heads, uncovered, are displayed in numbers.

Do all of them have beautiful hair? Is this strange twisted wopse of various size, shape and color, invariably beautiful?

If one in a dozen has really fine hair,—soft, silky, long, curly, of an attractive color, there remain eleven who have not.

And whether the hair is beautiful or not, to keep any kind of long hair clean, healthy and well-arranged, is a continuous task.

To what purpose?

To add to the attractiveness of the sex naturally attractive enough, in order to increase the pleasure of the other.

No one will claim that long hair is necessary to motherhood, the female's chief duty—as a female. It is not even necessary to wifehood — witness the devoted Jewess.

It is purely a matter of sex decoration, a part of the insistence that woman's chief mission is "to please." Her own physical comfort, ease, and freedom are not considered.

"But think how an old woman looks with short hair!" She looks just as well as an old man does, and there is absolutely no reason why she should look any better.

Rosa Bonheur, Anne Besant, Beatrice Harraden were shorthaired all—I have seen many women's heads, young and old, dignified, erect, noble, short haired, and quite as beautiful as is necessary. A part of those "shadows of the prison house" which "close round the growing girl," is this new burden of hair.

Think of all the painful hours of brushing and combing in childhood; all the premature sex-distinction, self-consciousness and vanity of the beribboned female child; and then all the curl-papers and crimping irons, the combs, barrettes and hairpins, the aigrettes, bandeaus and fillets; the "rats," "switches," "waives," and "fronts" of later years.

It is the exceptional woman whose hair is kept in glistening cleanliness and vigor; with much labor, either of hers or her maid's, and few indeed are the women who know the cool freshness, the free delight, of short hair.

Our ideas of beauty are peculiarly arbitrary and changeable; we can change them again whenever we like.

And this may be remarked: when we make pictures of angels—those ideal types of eternal beauty—we do not give them coiffures.

But we need not be alarmed. There is not going to be any sudden violent destruction of our "glory." Little by little we shall let our children have an equal chance of freedom and comfort; little by little our sturdy daughters will carry that freedom and comfort further and further along the years of girlhood. Then as we become accustomed to the most beautiful period of life in no longer curls than those of the Young Augustus, or at most of Phoebus Apollo, so will our taste change. Women will learn to place their pride in their heads and what is in them, rather than in hair, hat, and other decorative additions.

As for men—in all periods of history they have liked the women of that period. They had to—or go without.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

From the Forerunner.

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